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THE WIFE AND THE NURSE: A New BALLAD.

LONDON:

Printed for W. WEBB, near St. *Paul's*, 1743.

(Price Six-pence.)

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A *New BALLAD.*

1.

VICE once with VIRTUE did engage,
To win *Jove*'s conqu'ring Son;
So, for th' *Alcides* of our Age,
As ſtrange a Fray begun.

2.

His Wife and antient Nurſe between,
Aroſe this wond'rous Strife:
The froward Hag, his Heart to win,
Contended with his Wife.

3.

His Wife, an Iſland-Nymph moſt fair,
Bore Plenty in her Hand;
A Crown adorns her Regal Hair,
Her Graces Love command.

4.

With modeſt Dignity ſhe ſtood;
Faſt down her lovely Face
A Stream of ſwelling Sorrow flow'd,
A righteous Cauſe to grace.

5.

The tatter'd Nurſe, of Aſpect grum,
Look'd prouder ſtill than poor,
With lofty Airs inſpir'd by---mum---
The Queen of Beggars, ſure.

6.

Mud was her Dwelling, lean her Plight,
Her Life on Heaths ſhe led;
With Wreaths of Turnip-tops bedight;
Her Eyes were dull as Lead.

7.

Yet thus the Caitif, proud and poor,
Our Hero-Judge addreſs'd.
" Thy Fondneſs all to Me aſſure,
" To Me, who loves thee beſt.

8.

" I am thy aged Nurſe, ſo kind,
" Who ne'er did croſs thy Will;
" Thy Wife to all thy Charms is blind,
" Perverſe and thwarting ſtill.

9.

" Give me her Cloaths, (continued ſhe)
" With thy Aſſiſtance ſoon
" Her coſtly Robe may ſhine on me,
" On her my Rags be thrown.

10.

" Seize on her Store of boaſted Gold,
" Which ſhe with jealous Fear
" From thee ſtill grudging wou'd with-hold,
" And truſt it to my Care."

11.

This caught the Judge's partial Ear.
The Lady of the Isle
Spake next. "Thy self at least revere,
"And spurn this Caitif vile.

12.

"With thine my Int'rest is the same,
"For thee my Sailors toil;
"They for thy Safety, Pow'r, and Fame,
"Enrich my spacious Isle.

13.

"Think too upon thy solemn Vow,
"When thou didst plight thy Love,
"Thou cam'st to save me; wilt thou now
"Thy self my Ruin prove?

14.

"How was I courted, how ador'd!
"More happy as thy Bride;
"For thee my Safeguard, Love and Lord,
"I slighted all beside.

15.

"Do thou still act a Guardian's Part,
"Nor be thy Love estrang'd;
"Treat me but kindly, and my Heart
"Shall e'er remain unchang'd.

16.

"By thee abandon'd, must I bend
"Beneath thy Nurse's Scorn?
"No; live with me thyself, and send
"To her thy Youngest born.

17.

" Let not her Mud-built Walls thy Stay
" Before my Tow'rs invite;
" Do not, beyond my Verdure gay,
" In her brown Heaths delight. "

18.

" Do not her dingy Streams prefer
" To all my Rivers clear;
" Good Heavens! looks Poverty in her "
" Than Wealth in me more fair?"

19.

The Judge here lets his Fury out, "
Unable to contain;
He frowns, he rolls his Eyes about; "
And to his Wife began:

20.

" If she be poor, I'll make her rich; "
" Thy Treasure she shall hold:
" Thou art a low, mechanick B——ch, "
" Besides a cursed Scold.

21.

" My Nurse is of Imperial Race, "
" By Trade was never stain'd:
" What thou dost boast of is Disgrace: "
" Nurse, thou thy Cause hast gain'd."

22.

Polite and candid, thus the Judge: "
His Creatures watch his Call,
To raise (alas!) this dirty Drudge "
On his fair Consort's Fall.

23.

Who firſt obeys th'unjuſt Decree,
Regardleſs of his Fame,
To ſpoil and rob with cruel Glee
That lovely Iſland-Dame?

24.

Hard by a ready Wight, behold!
Aſpiring, raſh, and wild;
Of Parts too keen to be controll'd
By Wiſdom's Dictates mild.

25.

Still from the Midnight-Goblet hot,
He fires his turgid Brain,
With jarring Schemes, from Wine begot,
To ravage Land and Main.

26.

With theſe wild Embryo's, ſhapeleſs all,
Without Head Tail, or Limb,
He lures his Maſter to his Call,
While both in Fancy ſwim.

27.

He now receives th' abſurd Command!
This beauteous Queen to ſpoil:
Ah! Deed unſeemly for his Hand,
A Native of her Iſle.

28.

He runs and ſtrips her gracious Brows
Of her Imperial Crown
To dreſs the Hag, who quickly throws
Her Turnip-Garland down.

29.

Yet ſmiling greets the Queen, and ſwears
He only means her Good,
That Exigencies of Affairs
May want her Heart's beſt Blood.

30.

Thus ſpoil'd, ſhe ſinks with Sorrow faint
Before th' inſulting Hag,
And, leſt ſhe publiſh her Complaint,
Is menac'd with a Gag.

31.

There lying, of her Cloaths ſhe's ſtript,
Her Money too, we're told,
Into the Judge's Hand was ſlipt,
Ah! ſhameful Thirſt of Gold!

32.

Againſt APOLLO *Midas* old
Gave Judgment; did he worſe,
Than one who to his Wife, for Gold,
Cou'd thus prefer his Nurſe?

33.

Ah! yet recall her cruel Fate,
Miſtaken Judge, thy Friend
Here warns thee; Dangers ſoon or late
On Avarice attend.

34.

In thy Wife's Ruin yet behold
Thou doſt thyſelf deſtroy;
Then ceaſe to barter Love for Gold,
Which Thou canſt ne'er enjoy.

FINIS.